

A full-body photograph of KRS-One standing in a meditative pose with his arms raised and hands in a prayer position. He is wearing a white ribbed turtleneck sweater under a dark denim jacket. He has long dreadlocks and is looking upwards. The background is a warm, golden-yellow light, possibly from a large window or a stage light, creating a spiritual atmosphere.

*Spiritual Minded*

**KRS-ONE**

*and The Temple of Hip-hop*

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Lord Live Within My Heart"

*[repeat 2X - sung]*

Lord live within my heart.. Lord don't you ever stop..  
Fill me up with what I need.. just have to ask I shall receive..

Look, look!

Ba-bi-di-ba-bi-dang-a-dang-diggy  
How many rappers can actually hang with me?  
My style is that Kris-style, it's witty  
In they style, I have no more Faith like Biggie  
I battle on many levels, I shatter so many devils  
'Fore you challenge me you better know the essentials  
It's the K to the R to the S, to the uno  
You know, if you don't know your crew know  
When you hear the thunderin sound, you under the ground  
You can tell by the way we jumpin around  
It's the teacher, breakin it down  
I'm an upright MC, these others they be crawlin around, word

*[repeat 2X - sung]*

Lord live within my heart.. Lord don't you ever stop..  
Fill me up with what I need.. just have to ask I shall receive..

Yeah yeah, word up, look, look!

You know when the teacher returns, just get ready to learn  
Just get ready to earn, health, love  
awareness and money to burn, I'm not really concerned  
how the Benz just turn, 'round the corner  
for our sons and daughters to yearn, stand firm  
If you lookin at these hooks you becomin a mad worm  
Danglin from the pole of the fisher, the corporate fisher  
The talent scout and no doubt ready to get ya!

*[repeat 1X - sung]*

Lord live within my heart.. Lord don't you ever stop..  
Fill me up with what I need.. just have to ask I shall receive..

Look look look look!

I'm anything BUT regular, not even similar  
I get rid of the SIN in ya when I spit at ya, my new literature  
Now who forever been with ya? THE TEACHER!  
Who remembers the kid in ya? THE TEACHER!  
I'm winnin ya, or winnin a convert when the rhyme splurt at the concert  
Forget the times that hurt, if the mind's alert let the mind work  
Uh! Let the body divert

To get to the top of the mountain, you've got to climb dirt  
So c'mon climb through, don't get stuck lookin behind you  
It'll blind you, however I'm here to remind you  
Many of you lost you've got to find you  
You'll be found you simply by you finding you, c'mon!

*[repeat 4X - sung]*

Lord live within my heart.. Lord don't you ever stop..  
Fill me up with what I need.. just have to ask I shall receive..

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Take Your Tyme"

Y'all don't know? Y'all don't know your body is a temple?

A temple to the living God? Don't get gassed y'all

All my sisters out there, here's the truth

You, a you've got to.. {TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME}

Look, look!

You don't want no unsteady relationships, you want it tight

You don't want no man beggin and always gonna get, am I right?

You don't want no man sleepin cheatin freakin behind his wife

There's no such thing as make love, it's really make life

I don't care what nobody say; you sleep with a man, that's your husband

So make sure, before you lay down, you love him

And learn him, yes it's still sacred to be a virgin

Relax, it's curiosity that always burns 'em in fact

Sex is like candy, be disciplined, no splurgin

You don't want your stomach hurtin

Girl, you gotta.. {TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME}

Listen!

Cash is an issue with that he can never diss you

Even if he makes you cry, you bought your own tissue

witcha own case, witcha own hand, wipe ya own face

And throw him out, no doubt, out of your own place

If your heart is broken you can mend it

If you're independent, your womanhood, that's when you defend it

Just.. uhh, just {TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME} woo!

Look!

{TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME}

Don't come witcha hand always out

If he buys you somethin thank him, but that's not what a man is about

Real men are real friends, showin their real commitment

He tells you he really loves you, a boy can't really admit it

If a man really wants you, that man really flaunts you

In public or private a real man really supports you

'Member what Guru taught you? Of course you "Royalty"

You dress how you like when a QUEEN is what you ought to be

and ought to act like, and also ought to manifest

How you dress makes you constantly blessed, or constantly stressed

{TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME} Yo!

{TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME}

Yo, yo

So while you burnin off those calories, think about reality

Get a skill for the salary, a man for the family

Not a boy, that's a catastrophe, don't get mad at me

Instead of always clubbin visit museums and art galleries

Pick the single man, admirin the ancient sculpture

He's cultured, chances are he won't insult ya

Give him your number only after you know what he does

Ask him what it is, not what it was

You want the good life (GOOD LIFE)

You want the good life (GOOD LIFE)

You want the, you want the, you want the

C'mon, you gotta {TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME}

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Take It To God"

(feat. Professor Ecks)

*[KRS-One]*

Yeah, once again, word up urban inspirational  
KRS-One, Professor Ecks, whattup Dan? Woo  
Temple of Hip-Hop, let's do it

By the sound of the track, you know who is back  
It's the teacher, philosopher of conscious rap  
Rappers tired of me sayin where hip-hop is at  
Cause they know they unoriginal, copycats  
Watch me bump this gospel rap, never wack  
In fact, I tell you where the tracks is at  
TV is wack, they wanna show us beatin Iraq  
When the question is, is where is Chandra Levy at?

*[Professor Ecks]*

Murdered God and left for dead like hip-hop  
And admit to Condit like conduct, to kill Ecks the dread  
And Kris crucified the false prophet  
John F. Kennedy to these MC's, I draw and cock it  
Cock on cocky cops for the love of the art  
Punish the part, partition  
Pardon the pause, poison pens penetrate the mental  
I walk with Kris so my body's a temple  
Body instrumentals and body your squad in the body of a God

*[KRS-One]*

Just think, just think, what if Malcolm X returned  
or Dr. King returned, tell me what have we learned?  
As we takin our turn, tell me what have we earned  
or is the ice and the cars our only concern  
Mo' money, mo' money, you be yellin it out  
And on TV can't you see you be sellin us out  
So in 2010, look to 2002  
Who you think they gonna respect, me or you?

*[Professor Ecks]*

Behold, the God, in the form of the man  
Walkin off water and [?] flesh absorbs in the sand  
Moor gets the land, divorcin the clan, I'm off into sand  
Off and I'm slayin delicate arms from porcelain hands  
Slaughtered the lambs, charge it to the game  
Cats take hip-hop's name in vain  
Disrespectin the forefathers who came (uh-huh)

Goddess hurt 'em right now, like when Marvin was slain

*[KRS-One]*

They don't want it, nope, they don't need it, nope  
Just stay weeded and hope, I don't read what you wrote  
Best believe they ain't dope, they deceivin these folks  
with they meaningless quotes, I got my feet on they throat  
What they speak is a joke, they really weak and they broke  
Have a seat and take notes, on the streets I'm the Pope  
MTV is they hope, they repeat what they wrote  
I'm an MC that won't, let them tempt me with coke

*[Professor Ecks]*

Nope, flesh of my flesh, blessed by KRS  
Used to love her, they [?] haven't made a date with death  
Follow no man, enslave the Ecks, Professin the student  
I vibe with the teacher obliged to drop [?] liver than heaters  
Lyrics liable to eat us like the survivors of Jesus  
Now the, blind is the leaders, your styles is egregious  
Gets now the brow beateth to underground emceeth  
The game is overheated, overweeded, and misunderstood

*[KRS-One]*

Word, just a ride in they boat, with a platinum rope  
No doubt, they sellin us out, what's happenin loc?  
Quit this rappin I won't, cause MC'n is dope  
If I can't do it for the love then do it I won't  
How many times we note when these rappers is dope  
Satisfied, that's why I'm renewin your hope  
Broaden your scope, when cleaned out your mind  
my rhyme is like a new bar of deoderant soap

*[Professor Ecks]*

In this land of men mice and mimes, I holds right for the laws  
Live life like Christ, makin bread from mics and applause  
The snakes fight with Tyson like jaws for what's rightfully yours  
I might [?] 'em all, tell me - is it life or it's war?

*[singer]*

Goooyyyiiyyiiyyod, Goooyyyiiyyiiiod, Goooyyyiiyyiiyyod  
My God, your God, our God.. is God, is God  
Change is gonna come, where you goin to run, but to God?  
To God, run to God, run to God  
Run to God, and let him in your heart  
Change is gonna come, the change is gonna come  
Make it your change, run to God, in your heart  
Let God in your heart, he will fillt he part  
Goooyyyiiyyiiyyod, in youuuuuuur heart  
Take it to God, take it to God God

Take it to my God, your God, take it to God  
Take it to Goooyyyyyiiyyiiyyyyod, take it to Goooyyyyyiiyyiiyyyyod  
Take it to Goooyyyyyiiyyiiyyyyod, take it to God  
Just take it to God, run and, take it God  
Take it to Go-awd



# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Good Bye"

Yeah, yeah, let's switch the flow up a little  
Word.. bring the love back, here we go

You ever lost somebody, a member of your party  
Your daddy maybe mommy, for them there was no copy  
Just know that we all asleep, pray to the lord my Soul will keep  
Life is a dream no need to weep, God's gonna wake us up from sleep  
Every night we die, we practice for death  
Everytime we sleep we say goodbye  
But I, still can't get over the fact  
That my best friend's awake and not comin back  
So as the tears.. {tears roll from my eyes}  
Uhh, uhh, I never got a chance to say

{Goodbye!!!} Trouble MC, Scott LaRock, Paul Sea, Doctor Rock  
Mastadon, Trouble T-Roy, Aaliyah, Cowboy  
Sugar Shaft, Eazy-E.. {got to say goodbye}  
Yeah.. bring the love back, bring the love back

When you wake up, then you'll know, what was up  
You won't live, so corrupt, only love, you'll take up  
All the chasin and rushin impatience and fussin  
The racin for somethin the hatin and frontin is makin you NOTHIN  
So, die before you die so when you die you don't die  
You got to die before you die so when you die you don't die  
You got to die to all the world, all the guys and the girls  
You got to die to lovin money and them diamonds and pearls  
So as the tears.. (tears roll from my eyes)  
I never got a chance to say to y'all

{Goodbye!!!} Prince Messiah, Bigga B, Freaky Tah, B.I.G.  
Big Pun, Mercury, June Bug, Buffy  
Tupac, Darryl C.. {got to say goodbye}  
Bring the love back, bring the love back, uhh, hip-hop

So remember when they die, they have only woke up  
It's our wants and our needs that be chokin us up  
{And I want and I need and I want and I need..}  
Yo, there was a time when hip-hop was on our mind  
It wasn't about no crime, just reality rhymes  
If you battled me fine, but in the end we reclined  
with a bottle of wine, MC's the ORIGINAL kind but  
{Why did you stray..} hip-hop  
{Why did you stray..} hip-hop

{Why did you stray..} hip-hop!  
{Why did you stray....} bring the love back  
{Why did you stray..} bring the love back  
{Why did you stray..} {Why did you stray..}  
{Why did you stray..} rise up y'all  
{Why did you stray..} remember where you came from  
{Why did you stray..} bring the love back  
{Why did you stray..}

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "South Bronx 2002"

This what you call hardcore, fat gospel.. street gospel

*[all]* South South, Bronx!

*[KRS]* Yo where my people at?

*[all]* South South, Bronx!

*[KRS]* Yo where my heart is at?

*[all]* South South, Bronx!

*[KRS]* C'mon let's bring it back

*[all]* South South, Bronx!

*[KRS-One]*

Raw rhymes for raw times

My albums are underground, but this blessing is all mine

And when it's tour time, we open more minds

You need to rethink who you think is the "Greatest of All Time"

I got this - I'm raw like Freddie Foxxx is

Hardcore like The LOX is, Scott LaRock is where Tupac is

Where hip-hop is, Digital-ly Underground like Shock is

Oh yes - I know where the top is

But I'd rather rhyme about how crooked some of these cops is

My synopsis ain't pretty

I'd stay, off them plains and, out the city if I were you

Do what you gotta do

But while you wave them flags, remember Amadou.. Diallo

Here's what we gotta do, follow

I'll put hip-hop in you if you're hollow

Those that already filled, STILL take swallows

Goin over potholes with Tahoes

You don't think (I) know? Huh! I'm lookin at you right now

You ain't dancin in the club, you in your car, sittin down

You in the crib, on the low

You got them headsets on the go

You just saw me at the show - oh you don't know?

It's the Temple of Hip-Hop, comin, with a whole DIFFERENT flow

Yo where them hoes at? I don't know

But wherever God at, I'ma go

I give 'em a hard rap AND a flow

That's why when they call back for the show, with no video

We get up and go!

*[Chorus: repeat 2X]*

*[KRS]* Yo where it started at?

*[all]* South South, Bronx!

*[KRS]* Yo where my people at?

*[all]* South South, Bronx!  
*[KRS]* Yo where my heart is at?  
*[all]* South South, Bronx!  
*[KRS]* C'mon let's bring it back  
*[all]* South South, Bronx!

*[KRS-One]*

Peep it out while I tell ya like this  
In every single hood in the WORLD I'm called Kris  
It's the, truth for ya, it's the proof for ya  
My Cristal passes more bars than lawyers  
The underground sound, this is not easily found  
You don't need no rings to be down  
This is, past the platinum and gold  
We already had 'em, it's old  
Here's the truth if it be told, gather 'round  
Philosopher style is known to be wild  
If you only holdin them guns, who's holdin your child?  
You got to be thinkin you KNOW that you shrinkin  
When the art of Navigation has been reduced to a Lincoln  
Change the dial! I was free then and I'm free now  
You free, runnin to MTV? I don't see how!  
You know the real from the fake, you know they stealin they cake  
You know it ain't about the art, it's all about what they make  
You know the radio's late, you know they play what you hate  
That's why you got that Kay Slay tape, tryin to escape  
You know the love of the cars and the rims  
Tattooed arms and Timbs, are also called sins  
You know you got to pay for these spins  
You know the rap magazines be wack from beginning to the end  
BO!

*[Chorus]*

*[KRS-One]*

I never was a king and I'm not the Pres  
I'm a teacher like that reefer goin straight to your head  
I'm a preacher tryin to bring my people back from the dead  
I'm a leader tryin to keep you all away from the feds  
You my sister I'll be tryin to get you OUT of the bed  
I'm a philospher sayin what has GOT to be said  
I don't FILL you with lead, I bring that KNOWLEDGE instead  
FOLLOW this dread, I'll take you from A to Zed  
Who am I? Just a scholar called K-R-S  
You can spend your money on others but THEY AIN'T BLESSED  
You can spend your money drugs and STILL BE STRESSED  
Look around for conscious rappes yo there AIN'T NONE LEFT  
I'm holdin it down; better yet I'm holdin up  
Waitin for some young buck to come and sip from the cup

And continue with the menu puttin new knowledge in you  
I got a question and a lesson cause I KNOW what you been through  
But..

*[Chorus - 1/2]*

*[no beat]*

*[KRS]* Yo where it started at?

*[all]* South South, Bronx!

*[KRS]* Yo where my people at?

*[all]* South South, Bronx!

*[KRS]* Yo where my heart is at?

*[all]* South South, Bronx!

*[KRS]* C'mon let's bring it back!!

The South South Bronx, boyeee..

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Never Give Up"

Gather 'round, gather 'round, ha  
Metaphysical style, spiritual style, the ORIGINAL style, ha  
Yes.. let's do it

### *[Chorus]*

- you can never give up, you should never give up
- you can never give up, we can never give up
- you can never give up, you can never give up
- you should never give up, we can never give up, you can never give up

Yeah, yeah  
Y'all don't really know about the KRS rap  
Y'all don't really about why we stay trapped  
Y'all don't really know hip-hop ain't rap  
But let me tell you how we can get it all back  
First realize givin up is wack  
Say to yourself I can never be wack  
Then realize that we must go back  
And the reason you can't seem to get on track  
is you, keep, buying, HOES, simple and plain  
You, keep, buying, HOES, all y'all know my name  
And how I get down and move around  
I've already been to the proving ground  
In conscious rap, who rule the sound  
The question is are you down?

### *[Chorus]*

Look - KRS-One, I've learned already  
Everything they doin is temporary  
No matter how big you live  
You still the creation of a music executive  
And when you get old no matter what you did  
They throw you away and they pimp your kid  
Yeah kids, on the TV whylin  
You know why we got racial profilin?  
Cause you, keep, buying, HOES, simple and plain  
You, keep, buying, HOES, all y'all know my name  
So there in the future we'll look back  
And then we will see we were under attack  
But it'll be too late, the loss'll be too great  
You'll see, just wait!

### *[Chorus]*

C'mon, c'mon, yeah c'mon  
You see how they shuttin down KRS-One  
Cause I'm not sexy, thuggin or dumb  
Ask yourself -  
- why they only promotin criminal activity and nothin else?  
On the videos and on the radio  
Teachin our kids which way to go  
And the way that they tell our kids to go  
If you listen, heads right straight to prison  
While you, keep, buying, HOES, simple and plain  
You, keep, buying, HOES, y'all better peep the game  
You got to release that temptation  
Get a brand new affirmation  
Your life is what you make 'em  
Peace, salaam alaikum

*[Chorus]*

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Tears"

"At midday today, some Americans attended memorial services for victims of Tuesday's acts of terrorism. Thousands gathered at Chicago's Daily Plaza. Hundreds more looked on from the windows of surrounding office buildings. Many waved flags, and traffic came to a complete standstill. On the rooftop of City Hall, which faces Daily Plaza, a police sharpshooter watched the crowd, even as he saluted the flag. After a minute of silence, church bells rang."

{Ain't no need in all the tears, oh no no, yeah yeah  
Yeah cause things will be better tomorrow}

*[Chorus: repeat 2X sung]*

No need for tears, no need to cry  
No matter what we face, we shall get by  
When the problems you face are too much to bear  
Know I'll be there

Hold that head up y'all, don't get fed up y'all  
C'mon let's get up y'all  
Make that bed up y'all, life is a set-up y'all  
Sadness comes from a lack of knowin, not knowin  
where the one that you love is goin  
We all gonna reap what we all are sewin  
There is no death, just constant growin  
We can't stay here forever  
We all gotta go to a place we believe is better  
So why be sad, why be mad  
Now you can see it ain't about the cheddar  
It's all about the time that we spend together  
Not the rhyme or the crime or the Gucci sweater  
The house that's built on a rock can stand the weather  
Faith, can stand the weather  
But is your house, upon the rock  
Or is it on sand and about to drop  
Here is the question that you got to ask  
Do I live for today or do I live for the past?  
Think fast, but do not hurry  
Life is a class and we should not worry  
But tell me, how long you gonna ignore  
Tell me how long you gonna ignore God's law?  
How long can you really endure  
Livin like pimps, livin like whores  
The choice is yours, or really ours



Think about this while you lay the flowers  
on the grave, uh, let's talk about how you behave, uh  
Do you come out the neighb' or out the cave?  
Better change your ways, we comin up on some stranger days

*[Chorus]*

Uhh, uhh  
Don't step where the danger lays or danger lies  
Open them EYES UP, better to RISE UP, WISE UP  
Raise your MINDS UP  
Look to the left, look to the right  
Pray in the day and the night  
Be prepared for the fight, not scared of the fight  
He's the way, the truth AND the light  
J to the E to the S to the U to the S  
You can remove the stress  
Yes, we do need you here  
Yes, we wanna be free from fear  
Yes, we wanna start seein clear  
Havin you here, not over there  
Lookin around sayin where, does anybody care?  
Yeah, I'll be there  
At the door, not at the war  
At Matthew 5:44  
"But I say, unto you  
Love your enemies, bless them that curse you  
Do good to them that hate you  
And pray for them which despitefully use you  
and persecute you"  
This goes for them terrorists too  
But them publicans, done put themSELVES up above again  
Lookin for blood again, hate no love again  
Got them soldiers runnin in, with a gun again  
With a ton of sin, in a holy war, how we gonna win?  
I think it's time for KRS-One again

*[Chorus repeat 2X]*

The time is now, you gotta make your choice  
Which side are you on? Turn now to Matthew 5:46  
"For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye?  
Do not even the publicans the same?  
And if ye salute your breddern only, what do ye more than others  
do not even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect;  
even as your FATHER which is in heaven, is perfect.." *[echoes]*



# KRS-One Lyrics

## "The Conscious Rapper"

You think this is easy right? (Yeah!)  
You think this is easy right? (That's easy!)  
You think you got what it takes? (Yeah that's easy!)  
Huh, we gon' see.. we gon' see right now (Now what?)  
Look

So you wanna be a conscious rapper  
Can you handle the press and they negative chatter  
Can you eat cold platters, and still spit data  
Watchin others spit lies and they pockets get fatter  
Can you climb up the ladder, and reach the top?  
But it still doesn't matter, cause you ain't pop  
Can you rock for the love of the art  
Can you drop hit after hit after hit and still don't chart?  
Can you REALLY stay loyal to God  
when your life is full of strife, plus it always seems so hard  
Can you handle the criticism  
People holdin you up to higher standards, but they don't live 'em?  
Can you hear these kiddy flows and laugh at it  
But when you spit they callin you arrogant?  
You better think about that before you rock to this  
Sometimes it's easier to pop your Cris', let's do it!

*[Chorus: sung]*

Think you can do what I do  
Think you can step in my shoes  
You have no clue what I go through  
You never felt my pain  
When they attack my name  
All because I have spoken the truth

To be a conscious rapper ain't a mystery  
You gotta laugh when they call you contradictory  
The whole industry, you gotta push and pull it  
To really get with me, you gotta dodge they bullets  
Blaow, blaow, blaow, every day and every way  
You critics got somethin to say  
At the same time, you gotta uphold Christ  
Uphold life, while others flash cars and ice  
It could break you down, take you down, make you frown  
It could actually shake your ground  
But if you love who you are, and believe in that  
Best believe you will BE where the teacher's at  
And where's that? In fact, in cold or heat

Yes, I declare victory over the streets  
Overstand, over these beats, over the so-called elite  
Over the strong, over the weak  
I know how to speak, and most of all I know how to eat  
I know I want humble and meek  
So you better think about that before you rock to this  
Sometimes it's easier to pop your Cris', uhh

*[Chorus]*

Look!  
So you thinkin about bein a concious MC  
Well you gotta love God and you got to live free  
You got to see the life that others can't see  
You got to be the person that others can't be  
You can't be a S-L-A, V-E  
If you sayin to yourself, "This may be me"  
Then you know goin in that you work against sin  
Your very skills will kill the demons within  
So don't expect respect from slaves and hoes  
Nor the slavemaster's video shows  
Nor the rap mags, you know how it go  
Especially black mags, you know they don't know  
Just go to the crowd that you know will need you  
Cause NOTHING compares to the respect of the people  
That's what you look for, that's what you work with  
Cause anything else, is truly worthless  
You better think about that before you rock to this  
Sometimes it's easier to just pop your Cris'  
You better think about that, 'fore you rock to this  
Sometimes it's easier to just pop your Cris', uhh

*[Chorus - repeat 2X]*

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Trust"

C'mon, gather round now, gather round now, look now  
How many times did you pre-meditate  
what you thought was your fate, cause you couldn't just wait  
You had to have it the way that you thought in your mind  
But in the end, everything came in time  
But before the time, you was losin your mind  
You was racin and rushin and fallin behind  
But let me tell you bout God and the way that She works  
I mean the way that He works, I mean the way that We work  
You gotta trust in your Lord, everything is in accord  
Don't rush or fuss, you gonna get yours  
Close your eyes, your heart, your ears, your mind  
to the ways and thoughts of mankind  
And seek ye first the Kingdom of God  
And things won't seem so hard  
You gotta trust your Lord, uhh, uhh.. tell 'em bout

### *[Chorus]*

Trust and obey, trust when afraid  
Trust when you paid, trust when betrayed  
Trust when you fear, trust when you unclear  
Trust when you here, trust when you near  
Trust when you down, trust when you found  
Trust when you clown, trust

C'mon, let's do it again, uh, uh  
Let's raise it up, c'mon, look

After you live and you learn then you see  
You will learn how to trust in your G-O-D  
You will be so free, you won't see no me  
You will only see the will of the almighty  
You sick of what? Well ya will, give it up  
Stop thinkin and begin to, live it up  
Everytime you think it's one way it's not  
Everytime you wanna start you really stop  
Trust in the inner the outer is for the sinners  
In fact this whole rap is for beginners  
Those that have talked and walked upon the path  
Know that they get what they want before they act  
So why rush, if your respect is due  
Whatever you DON'T have is protectin you  
Here's what you DO have that be bringin the drama  
Ask and it shall be given, with a comma

*[Chorus]*

*[singers]*

You trust in her, trust in him, trust in them, and then  
Trust in men, trust in sin, trust in friends  
You trust in her, trust in him, trust in them, and then  
Trust in men, trust in sin, trust in friends

Uh uh, soundin good, soundin good, look, look  
So when will you be it, when will you see it  
That thoughts and things they manifest when you decree it  
But God be lookin out for you  
Puttin a stop to what you're about to do  
In your life, and in your circumstances  
Everytime you speak you be takin chances  
Talkin bout things that you really don't have to have  
So when you get 'em, your life turns sad  
Your life turns bad, now why would your God be allowin that?  
Trust in God, that's where the crown is at  
It's not in what you get, it's what happens after that  
So if you think your life is shrinkin  
It may be cause you keep thinkin  
Not that intellect is wrong  
It's just the beginning, it might be time to move on

*[Chorus]*

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Ain't Ready"

Uhh! They don't wanna battle  
They ain't ready for the battle, uh-uh, uh-uh (Temple of Hip-Hop)  
Listen, listen, listen

*[Chorus: repeat 2X]*

Your spirit AIN'T READY  
Your church AIN'T READY  
Your bishop AIN'T READY  
Your deacons AIN'T READY  
Your choir AIN'T READY  
Your ushers AIN'T READY  
At the Temple of Hip-Hop  
WE TEACH MANY!

Look! To all my people hurtin, all my people searchin  
What we know for sure, God is always workin  
Workin while you flirtin, workin while you jerkin  
Workin while the world is turnin and these cities burnin  
God is always workin, workin while you learnin  
Workin while you ignorant and when you're not concernin  
Christ consciousness, get that, got that  
Spit that, rock that, hip that, hop that  
You sniff that? Stop that, I give back and got back  
Greedy? I'm not that, you needy for that shock rap  
Slangin on the block rap, duckin where the cops at  
I don't know that, but Jesus done copped that  
Not that man on the cross, it ain't like that  
You must act like the son of God, that's where the lights at  
Stop readin only and start bein show me  
Like the resurrection I'll be back, they can't hold me

*[Chorus]*

One thing's for sure and believe it hurt  
It's when the pastor ain't sure, and deceives the church  
They don't know God's law, and can't see God at work  
So when they see hip-hop, they push it to the back of the church  
Like fig trees or figures they don't bear fruit  
They gospel artists, still tryin to chase that loot  
Hear the truth now, I come to enhance the light  
They women of God, singin while they pants is tight?  
They not hot! Really they, regular  
They clothes they flows, all that, secular  
What's the difference I could stay in the world and wild

if these church girls wear more makeup than Destiny's Child  
Keep it real Christian, some of y'all liftin ain't likin  
But this is the difference between a Christian and a Christ-ian  
Stop readin only and start bein show me  
Like the resurrection I'll be back, they can't hold me  
..listen, listen, listen

*[Chorus]*

Look! Spiritual minded, you must find it  
Find your spirit and go deep inside it  
This goes out to the Christ-ians listenin  
This is the flow that, gospel's missin it's urban inspirational rap  
We got our own section in the record stores, in our own rack  
We respect tradition, from the start  
But we now know, the true word of God is written in our heart  
We gotta say somethin to the streets kid!  
All these churches surroundin the devil still ain't defeat it?  
They the type to get down, I'm the type to get up  
From "Criminal" to "Spiritual Minded", now raise your head up  
Let me start, these rappers ain't got God in they heart  
All they want is quick money, and a movie part  
Let me begin - what, where, why or when  
What's the use of double platinum if you're livin in sin  
Hear the truth - how long you think you gonna last  
rockin the mic, without havin to go back to class?  
Now you're forced, to listen to the teacher outtrap them  
Yes there's life after platinum



# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Know Thy Self"

You ready to go? I'm ready to go  
What about y'all, y'all ready to go? (yeah aight yeah) I'm ready to go  
Look

*[repeat 3X]*

Know thy self, and thou shalt know  
The universe and God (whoa-ohh-ohh)

God is the mother, the father, the friend  
Know ye not that ye must be born again?  
What does it mean to be in the world but not of it  
It means you want the cars the cash the jewels the house but you don't love it  
It means to taxes regulation state law you live above it  
It means you a FREE hip-hopper, you ain't nobody's puppet  
You don't see no money on me, you see it up in the cupboard  
You see me up in Toys'R'Us, with my seeds cause they love it  
You see insurance flash out, if my kids pass out  
You see seven acres of land where we can all spaz out  
To all my fathers that fathered, hold your head up for starters  
Teach your toddlers, not to be thieves and robbers  
This that other kind of rap, that leads to true hip-hop  
There's other kinds of raps, but they lead you to get shot  
The choice is yours, you gettin older now  
You got a kid comin, how you gonna hold it down?  
It's one thing to be iced out and rocked up  
What's the point if you're gettin locked up?

*[repeat 3X]*

Know thy self, and thou shalt know  
The universe and God (whoa-ohh-ohh)

God is the mother, the father, the friend  
Know ye not that ye must be born again?  
It's really time we separate the young men from the big men  
The young girls from the women, whatever the title that fit them  
My style designed to open a child's mind when I spit them  
I only got a little bit of time to really rhyme and uplift them  
You see them brothers talkin about that crime? Forgive them  
It won't be long before they words manifest and they live them  
Sometimes you gotta go back to the beginnin to learn  
After fifteen years I'm just BEGINNIN to burn  
To all my true hip-hoppers, that pay bills and live proper  
Never allow a negative thought to stop ya  
Correct ya posture, stand upright not uptight

Don't be scared of the light, just prepare for the fight  
We say "Criminal Minded", cause our thoughts are illegal  
We represent the very thinkin of, inner-city people  
Real people, people that take care of theyselves  
They need health, love, awareness and wealth  
Not to mention, knowledge of God  
Not college, the job then dead - if you agree nod your head  
It's one thing to be iced out and rocked up  
But what's the point if you're gettin locked up?

*[repeat 3X]*

Know thy self, and thou shalt know  
The universe and God (whoa-ohh-ohh)

God is the mother, the father, the friend  
Know ye not that ye must be born again?

C'mon c'mon yo, tonight is it

We gonna steal away together, through these rhymes I spit  
When the student is ready, the teacher, shall appear  
So I'm here, but are you really ready to face your fears?

Mo' money, mo' money, is that your credo?

You've been livin in a dream world Neo, power to the people!

Nobody's equal, everybody's diversified and different

My lyric'll never cheat you, my verse is gifted

So manifest what you believe is God almighty

It could be Allah Jesus Krishna Buddha Aphrodite

It could be Nefretire come hear me and never fear me

It's like at some point in your life you gonna have to hear me

I represent them teachers preachers comin through your speaker

Manifestin another lesson to them true believers

Instead of pickin up our women ready to mistreat 'em

You better get yourself a wife and kid and never leave 'em

You better teach 'em you better read 'em you better feed 'em

The system will defeat 'em if you don't teach 'em the cops'll beat 'em

The style that I be kickin quick is "Edutainment"

Hip-Hop culture needed a teacher quick so I became it

Instead of rhymin about my history and what I been through

I'd rather rhyme about awakening the God within you

Yo, it's one thing to be iced out and rocked up

But what's the point if you're gettin locked up?

*[repeat 3X]*

Know thy self, and thou shalt know  
The universe and God (whoa-ohh-ohh)

God is the mother, the father, the friend  
Know ye not that ye must be born again?

Yeah.. yeah.. FRESH, for two-thousand and two

my sisters and BROTHERS, my sisters and BROTHERS.. *[repeats to fade]*

# **KRS-One Lyrics**

## **"G. Simone Speaks"**

Praise God.

YES, I have danced with the devil

- and I learned all the steps!

You watched me God, and inside you wept.

You reached out for my hand - I turned my back on you.

I thought I knew the plan; but that's not true.

I've learned who I was, and I know now who I am.

Meet me on the dancefloor God, for you.. I will stand.

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Dayz Ahead"

God core, urban inspirational  
Holy hip hop  
You know the type, all in your city  
Word up

I know that the dayz ahead are dark  
But you can shine the light that's in your heart  
You've gotta see yourself in victory  
The love I give to you, you give to me

Let's come together once and for all  
Before our children cannot walk in the mall  
Before we cannot talk or walk at all already aviation is stalled  
Now everybody wants to drive, bringing our highways to a crawl

Just about three weeks on back  
I was talking to a journalist about my album, the sneak attack  
Now I know, why I felt that way  
Why the cards God revealed to me was dealt that way

Be prepared for the unexpected, that was the theme  
But if your booty's shaking, you can't know what that means  
Look, we all, in the, same, game  
It's that world bank game that got struck with two flame

But we, yes the people, are struck with true pain  
'Coz the world Bank'll do the same under a new name  
We gotta recognize the prize and the people at the door  
No more lies, you can no longer ignore

I know that the dayz ahead are dark  
But you can shine the light that's in your heart  
You've gotta see yourself in victory  
The respect I give to you, you give to me

I know that the dayz ahead are dark  
But you can shine the light that's in your heart  
You've gotta see yourself in victory  
The respect I give to you, you give to me

I know  
(Know what?)  
I know  
(What you know?)

What do I show?  
(What you show?)  
Captivating lyrical flow  
(They don't play it on radio)

Yeah, but the spirit know  
But only a few can hear it though  
The metaphysical lyrical blow  
The minute you're in it and hear it, yo

See the evil and clear it, yo  
See that for as many that died there was twice as many miracles  
Uh, so let the dead bury their dead  
Life is but a dream and in the dream we gotta get ready for bed

Better we look ahead instead, to the ones that survived  
Pray for them too, 'coz there grace of God kept them alive  
Yes, we mourn for the dead and will still kill for them  
But what about the injured that must still rebuild again?

I know that the dayz ahead are dark  
But you can shine the light that's in your heart  
You've gotta see yourself in victory  
The love I give to you, you give to me

I know that the dayz ahead are dark  
But you can shine the light that's in your heart  
You've gotta see yourself in victory  
The love I give to you, you give to me

To all the people, that never lost someone  
Consider the cost of the loss of a lost daughter or son  
These cowards slaughter and run  
And to know that there's more than just one

Makes you wanna store up your gun  
And withdraw all the funds, but

I know that the dayz ahead are dark  
But you can shine the light that's in your heart  
You've gotta see yourself in victory  
The love I give to you, you give to me

I know that the dayz ahead are dark  
But you can shine the light that's in your heart  
You've gotta see yourself in victory  
The respect I give to you, you give to me



# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Power"

Father, Father, Father, Father  
Father, Father, Father, Father  
You are God, You are God

Father, Father, Father, Father, Father  
Father, Father, Father, Father, Father  
You are God, You are God

You reign in power, power  
You reign in power, power  
You reign in power, power  
You reign in power, power  
You are God, You are God

Father  
(Father)  
Father  
(Father)  
Father  
(Father)

Father  
(Father)  
Father  
(Father)  
Father  
(Father)

You are God, You are God

You reign in power  
(You reign in power)  
Power  
You reign in power  
(You reign in power)  
Power

Trust Him, trust Him  
Trust Him completely, trust Him completely  
Serve Him, serve Him  
Serve Him with gladness, serve Him with gladness  
Praise Him, Praise Him  
Praise Him forever, praise Him forever

Power, power, You reign in power



You reign in power, You reign in power  
You reign in power, You reign in power  
You reign in power, power

Yeah, yeah

There was a time when I could not find  
The Spirit of God beyond the mind  
In retrospect, the intellect is blind

It makes me think that I'm the reason  
For all that's mine  
Even this rhyme, I'm inclined to believe  
Is from me, instead of being received  
This is how we're deceived

How am I more than dust  
When it's Your love that animates us?  
Forever I will trust  
Your love is better than lust  
You live forever in us